


The Gleaner 1983





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

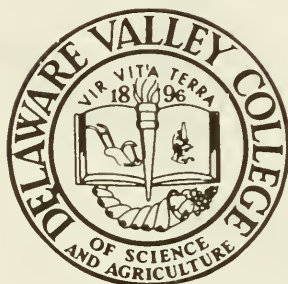
<http://www.archive.org/details/gleaner83stud>

The Gleaner

established 1901

Delaware Valley College of Science and Agriculture
Doylestown, Pennsylvania 18901

Spring 1983



Editors

WANDA PERUGINI
DAN SCHWALM

Staff

Cammy Alcorn
Tillie Docalovich
Linda Hahn
Cindy Jack
Paul Luccia
Dennis McLaughlin
Louann Spiecker
Mary Ellen Tyson

THE GLEANER is a student publication. Those opinions expressed within are not necessarily those of THE GLEANER staff. Neither the college nor the staff will assume responsibility for plagiarism unknowingly occurring within.

Literary Work

Anonymous
Jennifer Conway
M. H. D.
Bill De Mott
Tillie Docalovich
Eileen Geary
Maribeth Giannone
Janet Graham
June Guzikowski
Linda Hahn
Amy Harrison
P. K.
Donna Lee Lombardi
Lu
Paul Luccia
Nancy Lukert
Janice McNeil
D. K. P.
Wanda Perugini
Leigh Phillips
K. H. R.
Susan Richart
Dan Schwalm
Allison Townshend
Carl Vivaldi
D. L. W.
Dr. Richard C. Ziemer

Photographs

Doug Bereczki
Jeppe Christiansen
Sarah Cox
Janet Graham
Linda Hahn
Paul Luccia
Cindy Priluker
Tony Prushinski
Steven Stanford
Barb Taft

Artwork

Barb Brennan
Lauren Clawson
Pat Duffy
Brenda Givler
P. K.
Jacky Mento
Wanda Perugini
Richard Rollins
Eric Solon
Arlene Stein

Cover

Doug Bereczki

The editors and staff would like to express their gratitude to Mr. Douglas Geary, Mr. Robert McClelland and Mr. Edward O'Brien for all their help and support.



Cindy Priluker

Reflections on time
when things were a lot simpler
Now everything is tied in knots,
chains we have put on ourselves,
self-imposed limitations.
Life is simple.
We as people
living and feeling,
we make it complicated.
If we could just be happy with the simple things,
Instead of always,
looking for problems,
searching for complications.
It is human nature to be always looking for more.
Never accepting things
for what they seem on the surface.
Often under the surface,
people are much more complicated.
We must search deeper
to find the worthwhile,
the special care of each person.
So on we go
looking for complications,
because we feel we must.

--Nancy Lukert

My life is made of shapes and lines
yet never follow one design.

Never straight and never curved
and never easy to observe.

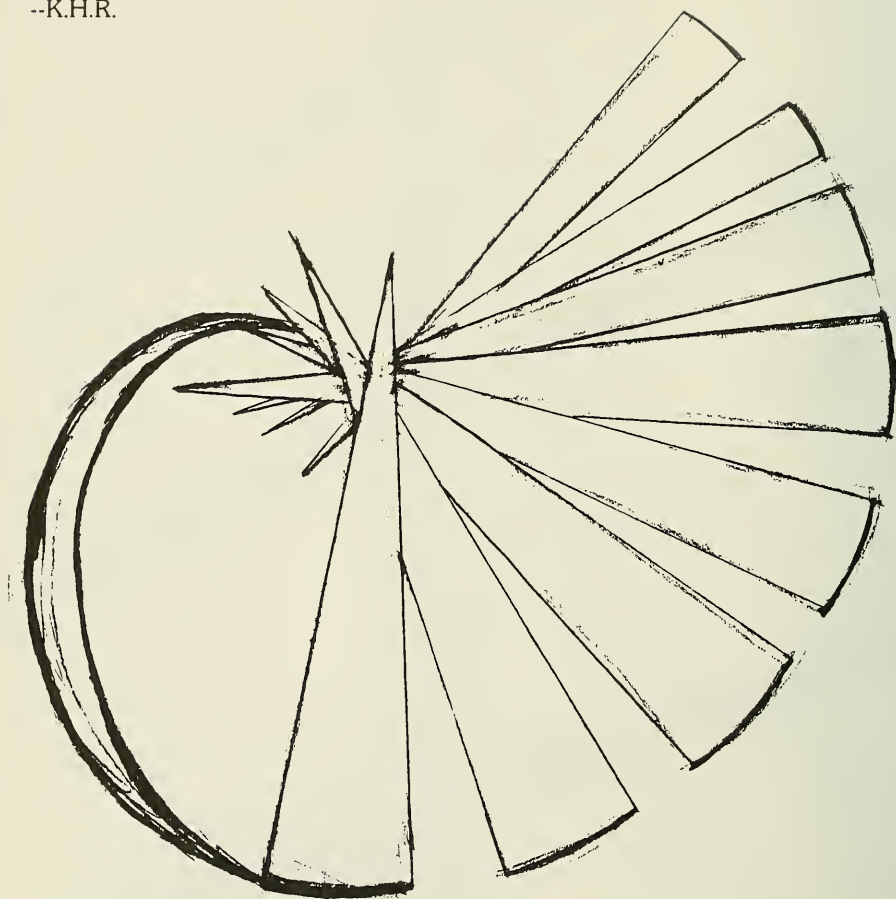
It's up and down, in and out
but always me without a doubt.

Circles—squares—other various shapes
help to make up my landscape.

Straight curved imaginary lines
live together in my mind.

Although I'm basically designed
I'm never easy to define.

--K.H.R.



Sunrise

And when the sun goes down
So does my false smile.
As I lay down all alone
My mind wanders for awhile.
There's no protection from my thoughts
Or the way I feel inside.
How often I've fought
Lost in fears . . . and cried.
So I pray each night, "God, end my pain."
For we all have to die.
And then it comes again
Sunrise

--Carl Vivaldi

Sarah Cox



Destination

*If I was to leave
Could I trust in our feelings
To hold us together, to keep us strong
If you think you have lost me
If you think that it's over
I've just got to say, that you're wrong*

*It's not my way
And it's not my revelation
And it's not what I want
It's just my destination*

*The future is near
Though this way it never comes
And yesterday's dreams will help me hang on
The roads ahead are uncertain
They are far too long, and much too cold
Can I trust in you to help me be strong
To help me carry on...*

--bill demott



Barb Brennan



Doug Berecz

*Softly falling
The snow touches my cheek,
Lands gently on my hand,
Glistens in the light.
I see with awe
The complex beauty
Of each tiny crystal.
But the heat of my hand
Is overwhelming
And the fragile wonder fades.
Is that what happened;
Was I too warm?*

--Lu

New Shoes

Been awhile, for new shoes
Breakin' em in, never easy
Blistered heels, achin' all over
Clumsy walk, awkward lookin'
Can't forget, they all laughed
The shoes were new, so was I

Didn't take long though
Callused blisters, achin' gone
Clumsy came cool, awkward went lookin'
The shoes broke in, so did I
Time for new shoes

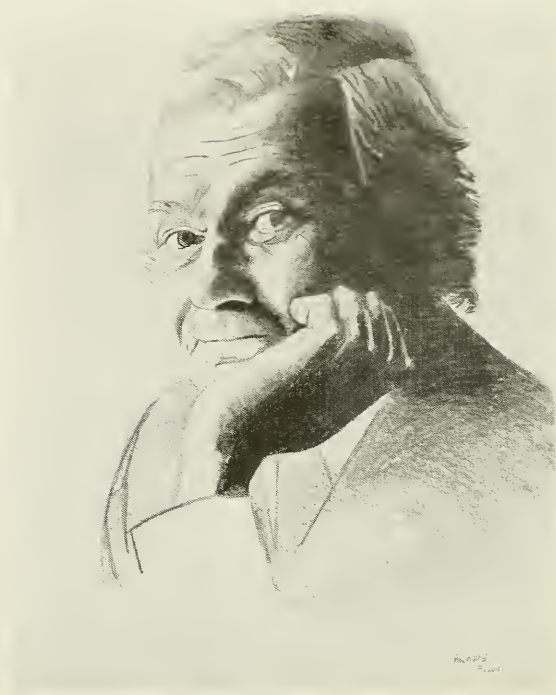
--Dan Schwalm







Richard Rollins



Watching you sleep..
You look so peaceful,
in our own world.
What are your thoughts?
Do you feel at peace?
Are you confused?
Try to clear your mind,
come to peace with yourself,
you are so handsome.
Those big brown eyes,
they seem to reflect
all of your thoughts.
Sometimes I can look into them
and they reflect an image,
like a mirror,
you can't see in.
Sometimes when I close my eyes
I think of you.
Often when I close my eyes
I think of you.
I wonder if you can see into my eyes,
like I can see into yours.
More often I wonder if
I want to let you.

--Nancy Lukert



Tony Prushinski

So Alone

Sometimes I sit
And watch you hide behind
A wall of jokes,
 of witty sayings,
 of funny stories.
I watch you laugh
 when you want to cry.
I watch you flit
 like a hummingbird
From one subject to the next—
 never resting long in one place—
Afraid to be caught.
I watch you
And I wonder how,
When you are with
So many people,
You can be
So alone.

--Wanda M. Perugini

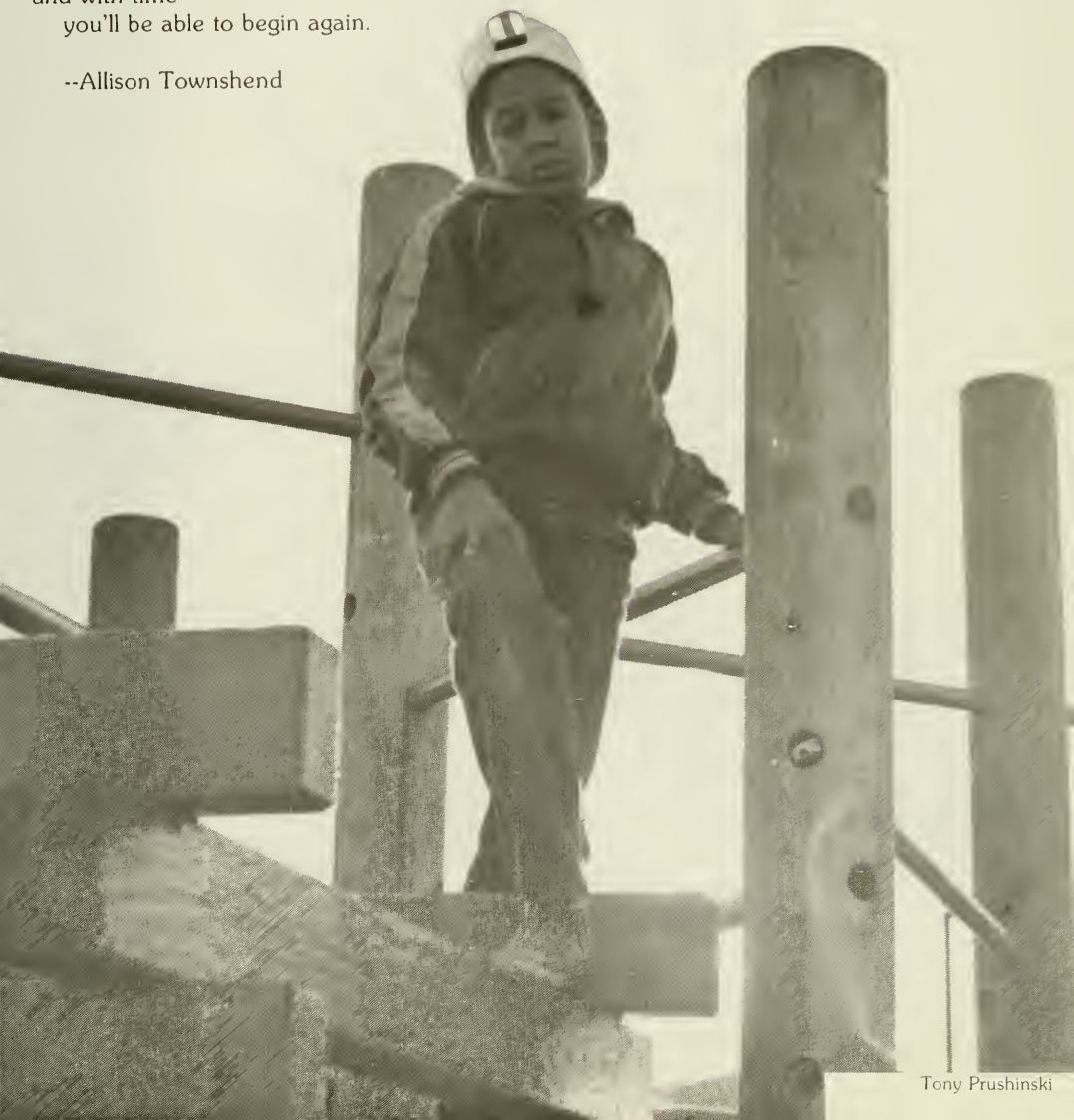


Sarah Cox

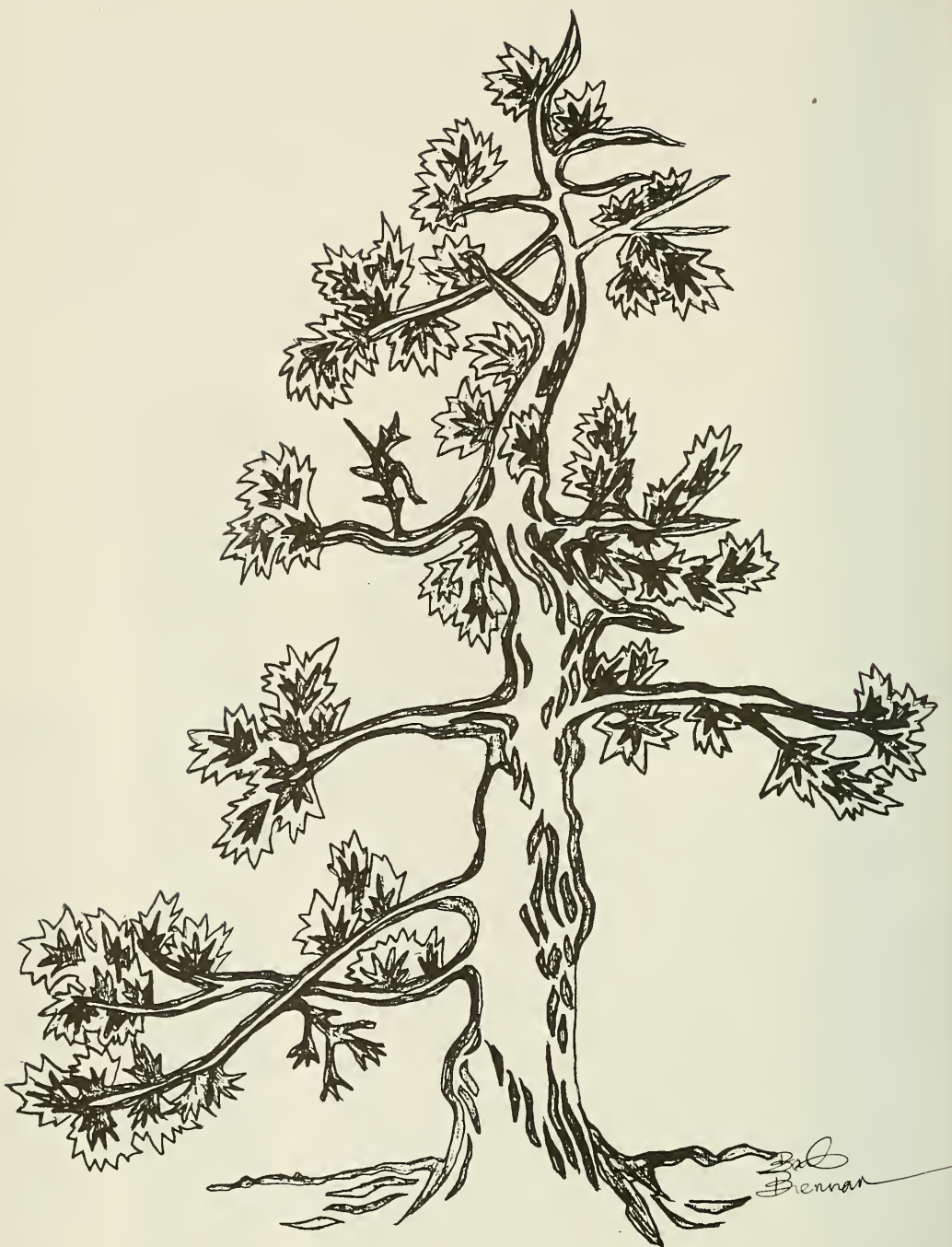
A Poem For Joey

you're struggling
and you have
 no way to turn.
You've been rejected
and in your aloneness
you must strike out
at anyone
 including yourself
to take away the hurt.
I feel so helpless—
 wanting you to know
 that you are loved,
and with time
you'll be able to begin again.

--Allison Townshend



Tony Prushinski



Magdeline Jean

Her name they say was Magdeline Jean
She flew like the wind, she lived in a dream
She looked for the beauty in all that she found
Until the day when they brought her down to
Reality, said now you must learn to
Survive, to be real, even if you get burned

Shut the door, turn the key

Dear Magdeline Jean

Magdeline Jean, she grew up all alone
Constantly fighting for what she had known
Long ago, far away, how happy she was
But all of that changed, she became one of us
Her hopes splashed apart, like shattering glass
Till they couldn't be found, they were part of her past

Look away from the scene

Dear Magdeline Jean

Magdeline Jean she retired from life
She was sick of hatred, sick of the strife
She bought a small tree and lived deep inside
For the rest of her life, she managed to hide
And she prayed with the clouds, communed with the earth
And forever was happy, she'd acquired rebirth.

May you laugh and be free

Dear Magdeline Jean

--Jennifer Conway

*Soft, gentle breezes blow over the sea
Carrying the sound of seagull cries
And waves pounding on the shore
As I walk I hear them and my mind
Is filled with joy
Remembering*

--Carl Vivaldi



*i need the directions before i begin--
i want the conditions before
i sign and say, yes
will you help me?
i need to know if it's important enough
for tears;
or can it be smiled away;
like always
can you tell me?
i want what's deep inside to crest and
break like waves,
the pain dispersed in
the sea; foam the only evidence of
what was--
how's it done?
do you know?
i want happiness to be real and forever
and the insecurities a dim illusion
of the past
can you guarantee it?
where do i sign?*

--D. L. W.



I don't know what I'm thinking of,
Last night when I slept I dreamt we made love;
You are my friend not my lover,
But in my dream there was no other;
-----please explain what's happening to me,
For this fact now I see;
Forgive me please O God above,
For what I feel is not love.

Love is sharing, giving and caring,
Love causes the heart to feel as if it's tearing;
It's lust I feel and nothing more,
But he loves another and so therefore;
It is not right to feel this lust,
But I shall feel it 'till my body is dust.

When you are near I must look away,
If you speak, no words will I say;
Now I'm wary and you'll never know why,
The events of my dream have made me so shy;
Help me please help me I want to stay friends,
But I can't, I just can't if my dream never ends.

--Anonymous




Tony Prushinski



*I came into a half-filled room
Where none were right
and none were wrong
I took a chair off to the left
To get a better view.
One by one they came inside
To sit in silence
by my side and others
They knew not why
They were there at all.*

*Then He entered confidently
Educator, apostle, missionary
Are you the teacher of the Soul?
Master teach me well.*

--Carl Vivaldi



*Silently winding,
Working, wearing
The cool water
Flowing, creeping,
Carving sculptures for man.*

-Janet Graham



My heart has been softened.
My emotions possessed.
I am independent
Yet captured by your love.

--Linda H. Hahn

Everything lost nothing gained-
Sunshine forecast ended up rain-
Remember dreams they don't fade-
They won't just happen they must be made-
Pull yourself together stand up strong-
The hell with them your dreams aren't wrong!

--K. H. R.



Steven Stanford

In Search Of Self

I am on a search
For courage
And strength--
The strength to face the truth
 About myself;
To discover who I really am
 Instead of what I appear to be;
To look through my own eyes--
 If just for an instant--
 And see the world unclouded by other's views;
To say what I believe
 Instead of what people want to hear;
To speak my heart--
 To lay all it contains open before you--
 And not be afraid of that vulnerability;
To laugh at life;
To be angry at injustice;
To cry real tears.

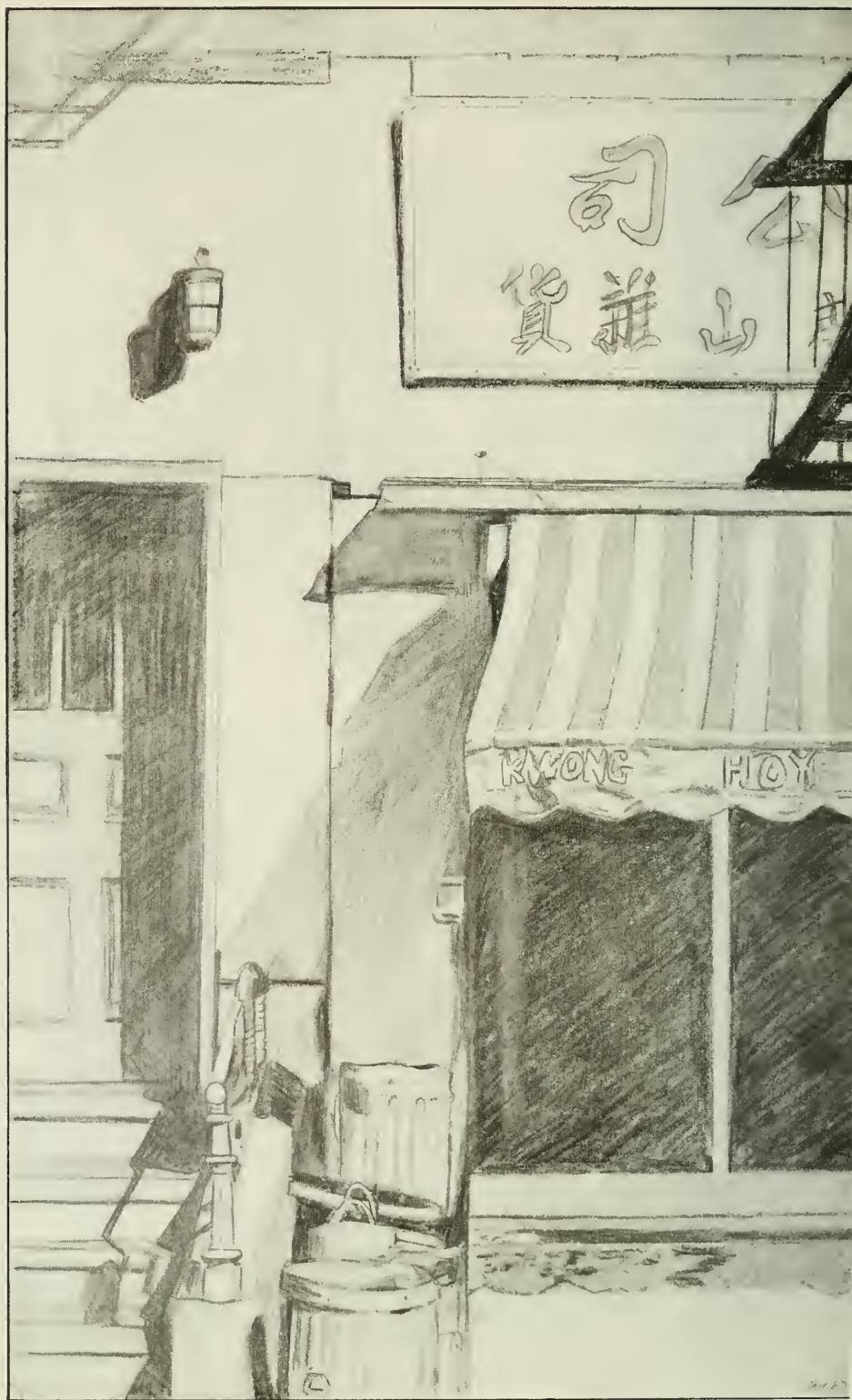
--Wanda M. Perugini

I once sat backward
on a train
going forward
and wondered--
Am I looking at
my past
Or,
afraid to face
the future.

--dkp

Linda Hahn







Richard Rollins

We met in late summer.

While the sun still shot warm rays,
and life in nature was peaking.

Green plants spiked to the sky.
Vivid colored fruit and the two of us ripened to
maturity.

We sat together in the Orchard

Never imagining what lay ahead of us.
Whether the tree we were under was apple or peach.
Or if what we shared God had planted in our souls
and bodies.

We fell in love in autumn.

With the cornstalks still standing, and the trees
ablaze with color.
The leaves throughout seemed to be burning with eternity.
Just as the love we felt for each other was as
solid as that rock in the woods.

We walked together in winter.

Finally the snow came, falling in the night.
Under falling stars, the moonlight shone.
The world seemed to sparkle outside, as well as in our
hearts.

We made wishes - never to be forgotten.

Real enough for us to share and be part of.
Like the lake and the geese.
The snow on your coat, and me on your shoulder.

--anonymous



Steven Stanford

FRIENDSHIP:

*a binding contract
you sign
with laughter-
and break
with tears.*

--Allison Townshend



Love is:

*Like an ever running river
In a forest of evergreens.
It's a never ending feeling
In a never ending dream.*

--Amy Harrison

*I Love You-
there I said it.
relief
from the bottled up
emotions in my head
and heart.
Disappointed?
I'm sorry
I never was good
at hiding
feelings.*

--mhd

Novel Love

*A love that was never known
Is like a book never opened.
A look at its cover
Could never display what lies within.
You never experience the joy
Which is hidden between its words.
You never know what might have been
If just someday you broke that binding.*

--June Guzikowski



*Glycerine tears or real?
to borrow time or steal--*

*Immitation or McCoy
a real love or just a toy?*

*False pretense or genuine
is it full or just part time?*

*Is it missing? Is it lost?
was it thrown or was it tossed--*

*Was it altered, has it changed--
just mixed up or rearranged?*

*Am I lost or am I found--
in the air or on the ground?
--khr*

*Laugh
with me till morning-
For when morning comes
Reality
will twist our thoughts and
Guilt
will enter our chambers
through the windows left open by
Society.*

--Jennifer Conway





Someone Else

What kind of game is it you play when the
stakes are someone else's feelings?

Do you care how much you spend when
someone else pays the price?

Why should you care who takes the fall
when someone else takes the blame?

What does it matter who gets hurt as long
as they are someone else's tears?

I was the someone who loved you and
now there's SOMEONE ELSE!

--Susan Richart

Cloud

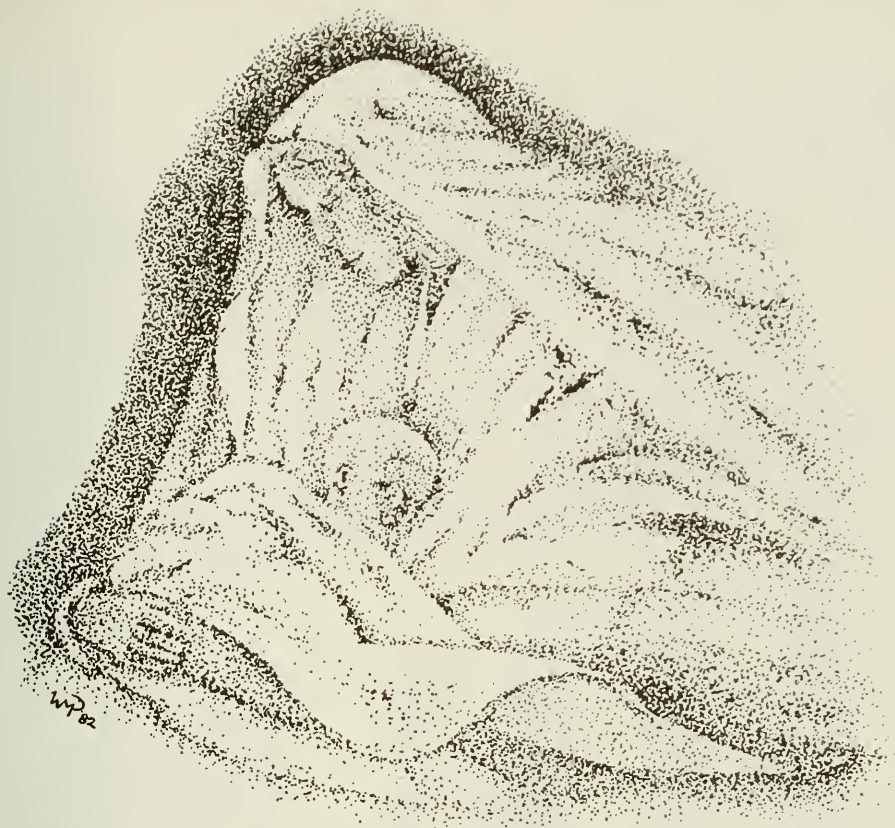
You're just a dusty road traveller
weary and abused
It seems the more you travel
the more you're bound to lose
your hopes, your dreams, your self-esteem
That's taken years to find
And now it's wrapped around your head
and messin'up your mind

They look at you and shake their heads
This son they thought they knew
He hears in colors, sees in sounds
and always seems to wander round
not knowing what he needs to find
not knowing what he wants to be
not knowing if it's worth it just to worry endlessly

But if they knew your secrets
That were buried deep inside
If they could see your visions
filled with colors, filled with pride
Then they would know your travelling
was something you must do
'Cause if you had to settle down
then your dreams might not come true.



Sarah Cox



Singular Beauty

I see you there
Among the reeds,
blending in so well.
So much like the rest
in a crowded marsh,
yet feeling alone.
Breezes blow
and you dance unnoticed,
yet another day and still silent.
Why haven't I noticed before
that special glow
that singular beauty?

--Paul Luccia



My Best Friend

As I pull the car in the driveway she's always the first one to greet me. In her dirty, old gray coat and sparkling green eyes, she looks so beautiful. We walk into the kitchen together, me holding the door for her, and take our usual seats. She watches me, able to detect my mood just by my footsteps. I ask her how she's been and tell her all the troubles of my life. She's always there to lend an ear and never interrupts a word. Then I look at her life--so simple, it makes me laugh all my troubles away. We both turn in the direction of my mother's voice as she shouts, "Oh Hi Lin, that you? Say, did the cat come in with you?"

Yeah ma, it's me. We're here in the kitchen.

--Linda H. Hahn

*Your kindness
Has made me see.
Your gentleness
Has made me feel.
Your eyes
Let me believe.
You
Let my heart listen.*

--Donna Lee Lombardi

*I broke down and let
you in
shared with you
my dreams.
Told you secrets never revealed
and all my fantasies
It's dumb to listen to
a foolish heart--
All that it craves
is pain.
You led me on
coaxed and teased,
yet I'm the one
who bleeds.*

--Tillie Docalovich



Arlene Stein

—Story of Love

*Isn't it funny how love seems to go
They say take it easy, take it slow
But I wish they could know
How sometimes it's my only foe*

*Now you tell me I am not the only one
Who's ever felt this way
But lately it's always been me
Can I take it another day?*

*Love is a chain that holds us together
But in my eyes there is a missing part
Because you were the one I needed forever
So you're gone, now it's goodbye to my heart*

*I am alone again, but it's nothing new
Do you ever think of me?
I know I'll find love's paths again
Because it is a feeling I can't let be.*

--Bill Demott





Autumn Leaves

*Brightly colored leaves
of*

*oranges, reds,
yellow and
browns.*

*Fall ever so softly on the
wings of a whispering wind
floating, spinning
twirling, tumbling
to the ground.*

--D. Fosbrook

Autumn

*As the summer slowly drifts into fall,
Leaves of green fade into crimson and gold.
The air becomes crisp and blustery-
Leaves slowly falling then,
Crunch and crackle beneath your feet.
Little by little- Autumn subsides into
the dead of winter.*

--Maribeth Giannone

To a Special Friend

When you smile time seems to stop.
Given a passing glance, I wish I could keep it
to have when you're not there.
Through your placid eyes I see a beautiful person.
If I could be your shadow I would
be behind you when you thought no one else would.
If I could be in your thoughts as you are always in mine
I would always have something to smile about,
time after time.
The time we share I cherish, even though it may be short.
I wish we could talk, really talk
not simple chatter to take up the time we share,
but a talk that lets that beautiful person come out
to meet the beautiful person on the outside.
Your grin warms me, like the heat from the sun,
or a hug from your best friend.
I'm here for you
to listen,
to help
to be there when you need me.
I thank you for what you share,
the time you take to talk,
the warmth you show.
I thank you for being you.

--anonymous



Doug Bereczki



Run

Dust your path with magic
and follow the golden sun
Break your way to freedom
'cause now you're on the
run. . .

Once you stood for freedom
and roamed the open plains
But then they broke their promise
now nothing of yours
remains. . .

Your followers are good now
they killed them just for play
But you'll still run wild
so run, just get away. . .

Your end will soon be coming
they've driven you round and round
But you'll still keep on running
until they track you
down. . .

--Carl Vivaldi



Falling Away

Explaining things from days of old
Wondering why you are here
Someone who is always with us
who will wipe away your tear

You accept Him gladly in your heart
Your happiness will grow
But these earthly things project an image
of someone you do not know

Forgetting Him and carrying on
Not knowing what you do
The days of old are still the same
now the demon is inside of you.

- PK



The Aged Child

I sit here wishful of younger days
when time seemed to stand still
But what a fool not to know
that time goes on until

Forever; but I'll be gone then
with nothing to show for
I spend my days as a child
and the adult will never know

Me; for I'm as young as a babe
as I set my spirit free
Each breath vigorous and alive
and no one will see me

Older; time passing me by
living and then swept away to die
And I would live forever if I was able
in my imaginary fable

As a child; but time continues
as cruel as it can be
A day older with each new dawn
and I rely on the memory

Of me; an Aged Child
with death knocking at my door
As I pass through the heavens
I begin to live once more.

--Eileen Geary



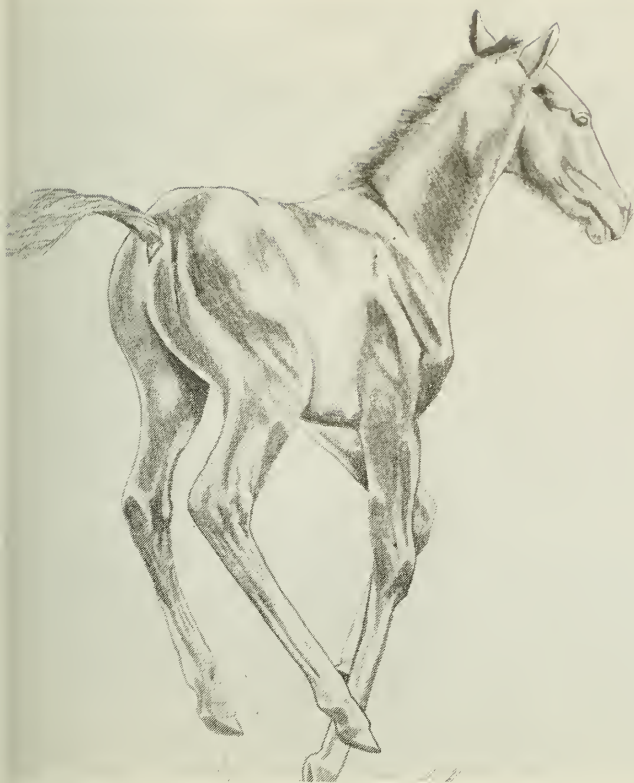
Lauren Clawson



Pat Duffy



Jacky Mento



Brenda Givler

*Moons of Marches from our eyes
Borneo land behind us lies;
Stranger round us day by day
Bends the desert circle gray;
Wild the waves of sand are flowing,
Hot the winds above them blowing--
Lord of all things-- Where are we
going? Where are we going?*

*We are weak, but thou art strong;
Short our lives, but thine is long;
We are blind, but thou hast eyes;
We are fools, but thou art wise
Thou, our marrow's pathway knowing
Through the strange world round us growing,
Hear us, tell us where are we going,
Where are we going?*

--Leigh Phillips

Barb Taft





Barb Taft

A Standout. . .

*A standout in my life--the closest
thing I have to feel
I vaguely see your reflections in the
pond, where I sometimes kneel.
A standout in the way you used to
hold my hand--
And as we walked together countless
times--barefoot in the sand. . .
A standout in my heart--I will never
forget our once endless love
All I can do now is gaze in the
stars above;
Because sometimes love has a way
with young minds
It's tricky and deceiving--sometimes
sneaks up from behind.
A standout you have been--
Though, as nature takes its course
our love has spread so thin. . .
A standout to the end--I will never
forget the past--
Our roads may split in two--but
may our love forever last. . .*

--Janice McNeil



PEACE

*When the storm is over
And the trees are still*

*A tiny bird sits perched
Upon a snow covered limb*

*It is so very quiet now
And a silence surrounds me*

*With a peace
That I've never felt before.*

--D. Fosbrook

Graduation

Graduation.

*I've waited for this day for years!
Envious juniors and proud parents,
Handshakes, smiles, and diplomas all around.
I'm actually finished!
Free to conquer the world.*

Graduation.

*I've stalled this day for years.
How can I say goodbye to these most precious friends?
The emptiness of our parting can never be filled by the memories.
I wish them the best in life.
For I know,
That's what they have given me.*

--Paul Luccia



Since
I have an
u-n-k-n-o-w-n
amount of time to
burn,
let me be a



to beckon and
to beam.

--Dr. Richard C. Ziemer

